

SPAWN



SPAWN
D.:
M'FARIANE

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

THE KINGDOM PART IV

DEDICATED TO
CARMEN BRYANT

PLOT
BRIAN HOLGUIN
TODD McFARLANE

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

INKS
DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
ALLEN MARTINEZ
CRIME LAB STUDIOS

LETTERING
TOM ORZECOWSKI

COLOR
BRIAN HABERLIN
DAN KEMP
HABERLIN STUDIOS

COVER
GREG CAPULLO

PRESIDENT OF
ENTERTAINMENT
TERRY FITZGERALD

SENIOR
GRAPHIC DESIGNER
BRENT ASHE

GRAPHIC DESIGNER
BOYD WILLIAMS

MANAGING EDITOR
BRAD GOULD

PUBLISHER FOR
IMAGE COMICS
JIM VALENTINO

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE



SPAWN 109 SUMMARY

Seven dead bodies are discovered hanging in front of the precinct house, nobody saw a thing and Sam and Twitch are the unlucky ones who get the case. Spawn, who is helping to locate Twitch's son, finds that even he needs help in discovering what sinister events are unfolding in his city. He assigns Ab and Zab to find out what's going on. Dawn draws still-unsuspecting Max deeper into the cult known as The Kingdom, as elsewhere Spawn deals with other Kingdom followers who are about to take the law into their own hands.

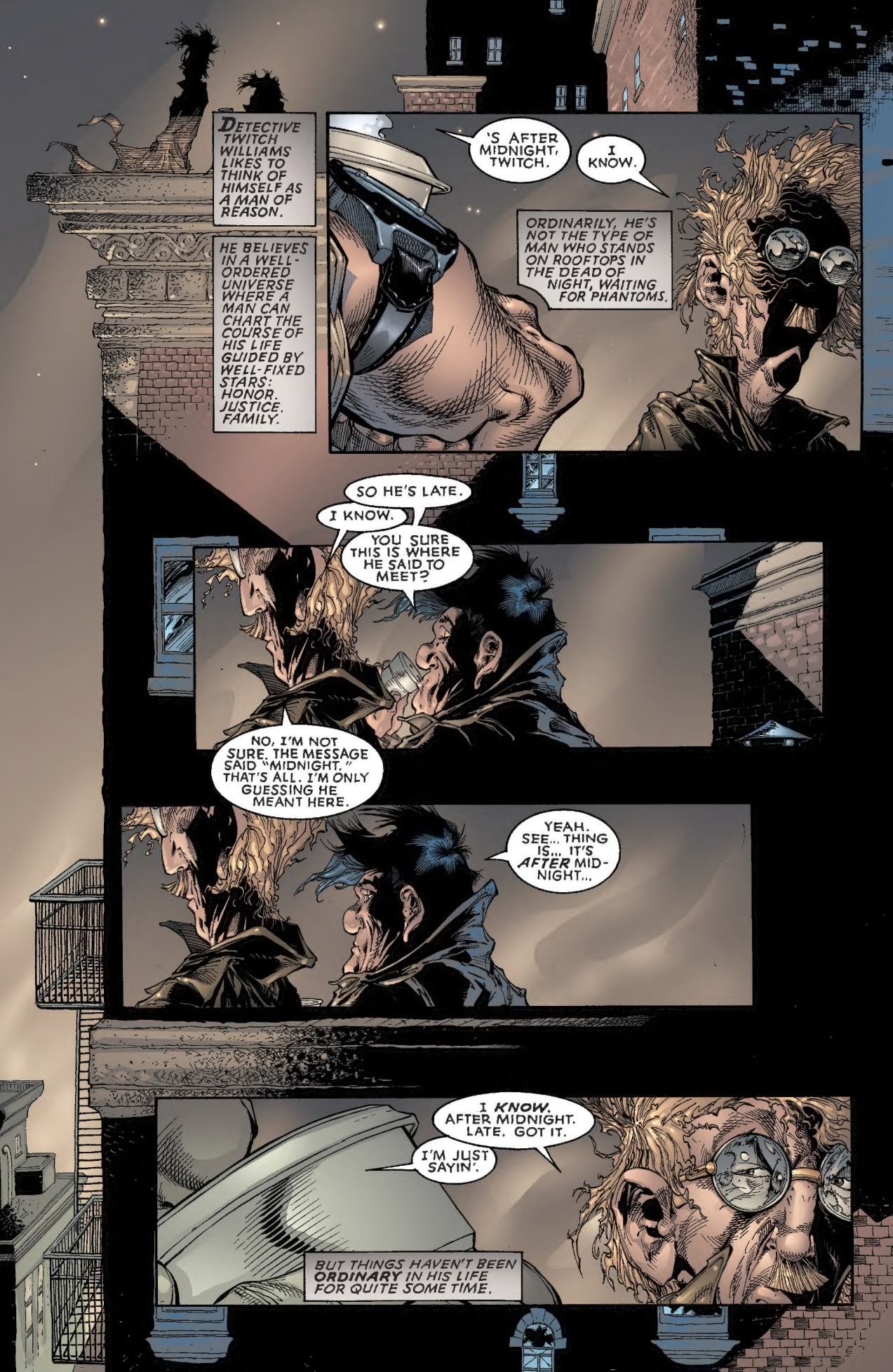


TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



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DETECTIVE TWITCH WILLIAMS LIKES TO THINK OF HIMSELF AS A MAN OF REASON.

HE BELIEVES IN A WELL-ORDERED UNIVERSE WHERE A MAN CAN CHART THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE GUIDED BY WELL-FIXED STARS: HONOR. JUSTICE. FAMILY.

'S AFTER MIDNIGHT, TWITCH.

I KNOW.

ORDINARILY, HE'S NOT THE TYPE OF MAN WHO STANDS ON ROOFTOPS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, WAITING FOR PHANTOMS.

SO HE'S LATE.

I KNOW.

YOU SURE THIS IS WHERE HE SAID TO MEET?

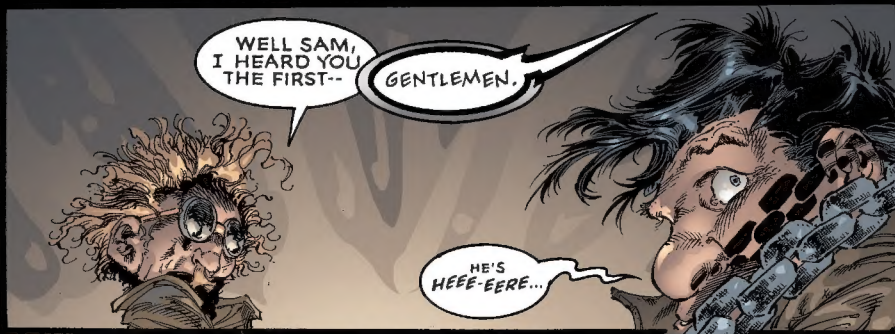
NO, I'M NOT SURE. THE MESSAGE SAID "MIDNIGHT." THAT'S ALL. I'M ONLY GUESSING HE MEANT HERE.

YEAH. SEE... THING IS... IT'S AFTER MID-NIGHT...

I KNOW. AFTER MIDNIGHT. LATE. GOT IT.

I'M JUST SAYIN'.

BUT THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN ORDINARY IN HIS LIFE FOR QUITE SOME TIME.



HE'S
HEFF-EERE...

FORGIVE
ME. I WAS
DETAINED.

THE DULL RATTLE OF HELL-FORGED CHAINS, THE DEEP BASSO RUMBLING OF THE MUFFLED VOICE STARTLE HIM.

IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE WILLIAMS AND HIS PARTNER, SAM BURKE, FIRST ENCOUNTERED THE MYSTERIOUS BEING WHO CALLS HIMSELF SPAWN.

EVERY TIME HE SEES HIM, IT SENDS CHILLS DOWN HIS SPINE. HE LOOKS AT THE BLACK AND CRIMSON FIGURE THAT STANDS BEFORE HIM AND WONDERS...

WHO IS HE? WHAT IS HE? WHAT DARK SECRETS LIE HIDDEN IN THE SHADY FOLDS OF THAT BLOOD RED CLOAK?

SPAWN...
HELLO.

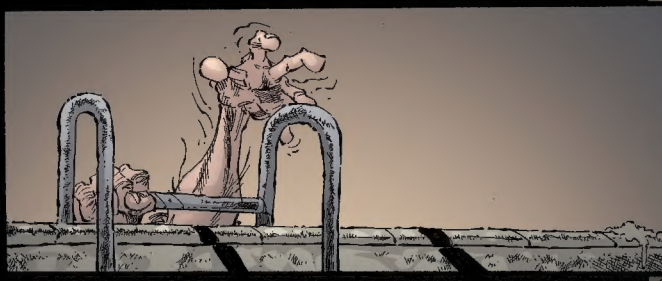


AND MOST OF ALL, HE WONDERS, CAN HE HELP ME?

WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT? DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BOY?



WAIT, WE'RE NOT ALL HERE.

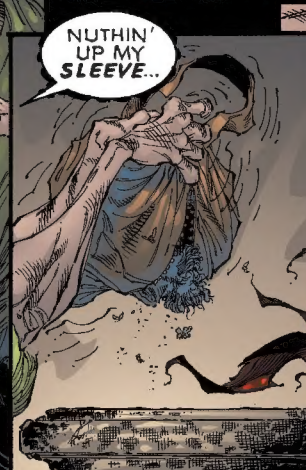


HEY DUDES, WHAT'S UP?

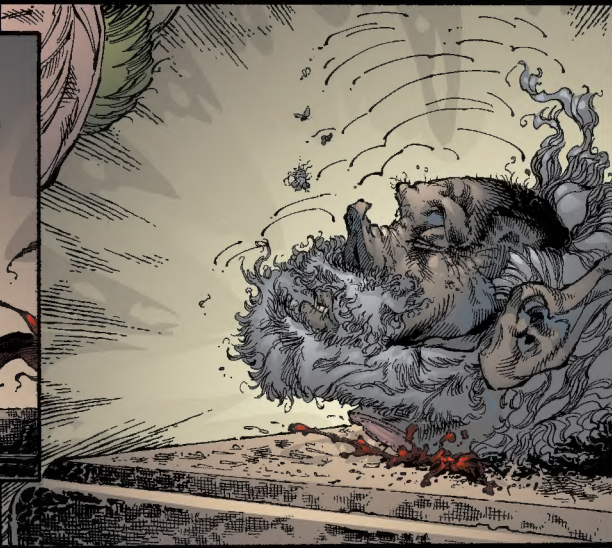


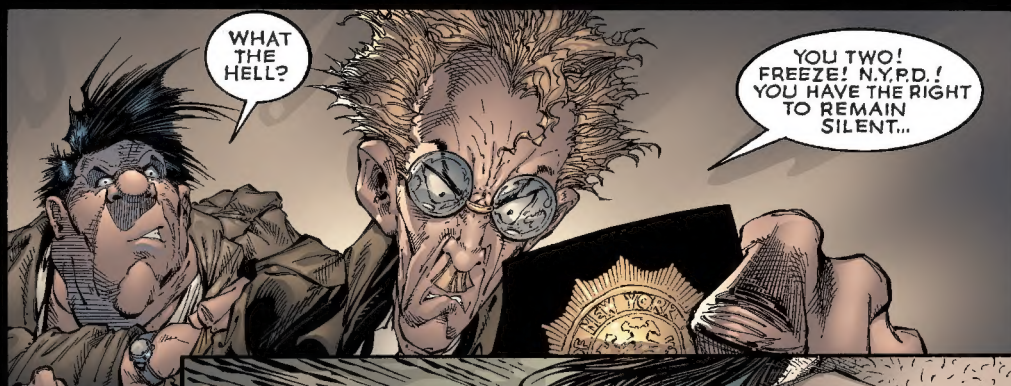
HEY, BIG GUY! CHECK IT OUT. YOU WANTED ANSWERS, WE GOT YOU ANSWERS.

SHOW HIM, ZAB.



NUTHIN' UP MY SLEEVE...





WHAT
THE
HELL?

YOU TWO!
FREEZE! N.Y.P.D.!
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT
TO REMAIN
SILENT...



HA
HA
HAH!

OKAY!
WHATEVER YOU
SAY, KOJAK.
HAHAHAH!



IT'S
ALL RIGHT.
THEY ARE IN
MY EMPLOY.
FOR
NOW.

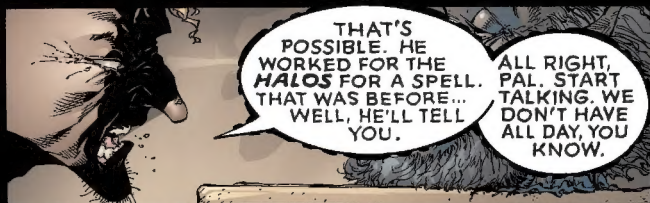
WHO
IS HE?

FOUND HIM
IN A BOWERY
DUMPSTER. STILL
PRETTY FRESH.
HAD SOME PRETTY
INTERESTING
THINGS TO
SAY.

DIDN'T
YOU NOW,
BUDDY?
HUH?



I--
I KNEW
HIM.



THAT'S POSSIBLE. HE WORKED FOR THE HALOS FOR A SPELL. THAT WAS BEFORE... WELL, HE'LL TELL YOU.

ALL RIGHT, PAL. START TALKING. WE DON'T HAVE ALL DAY, YOU KNOW.

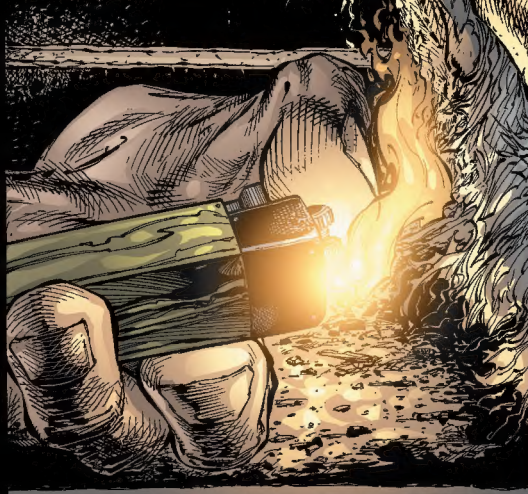
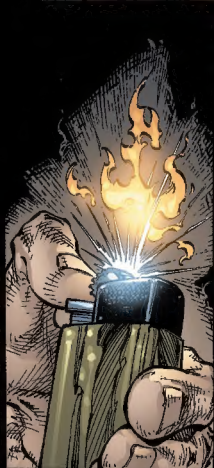


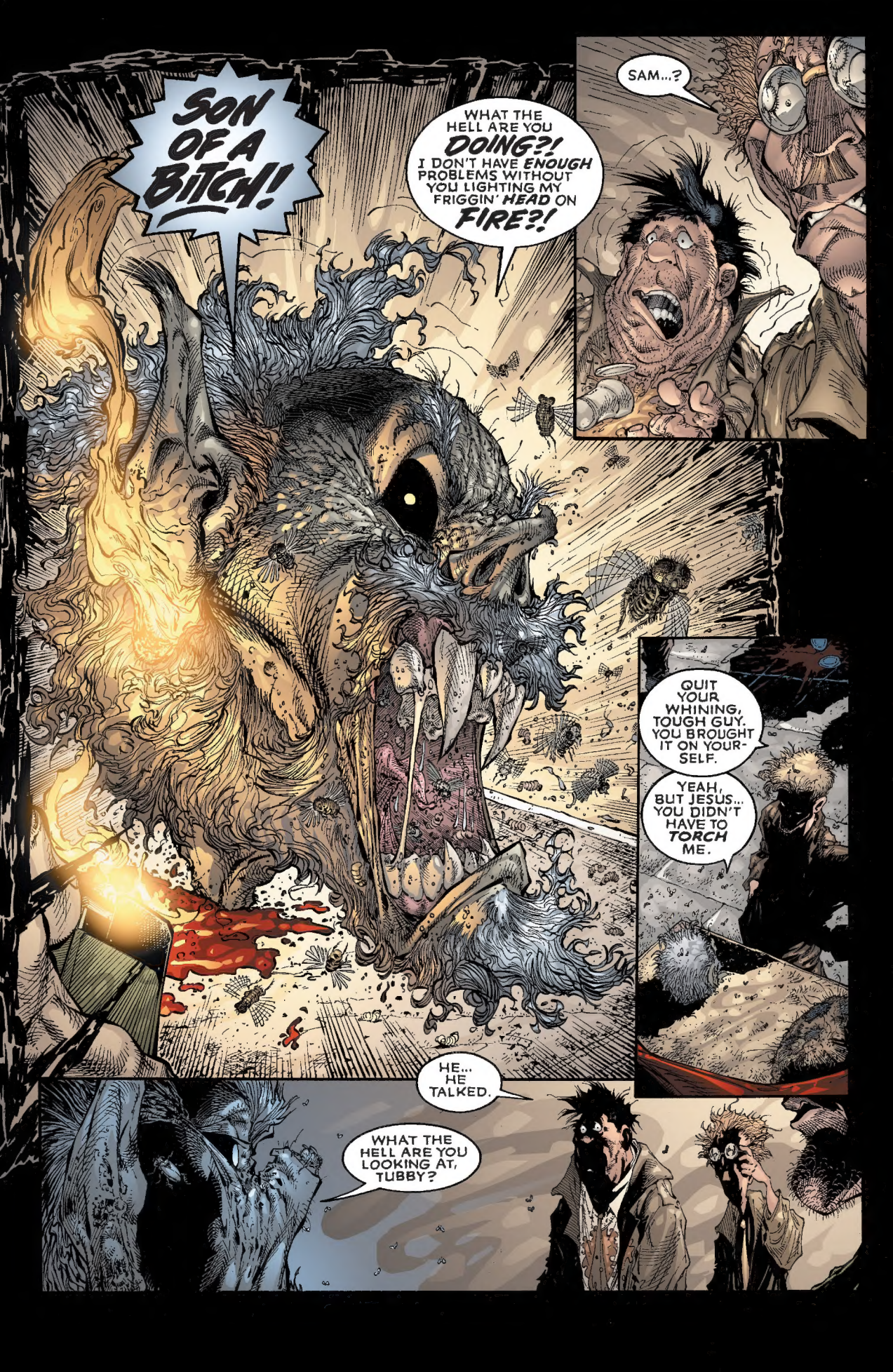
COME ON SPILL IT!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, huh? YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A CHUMP?



OKAY. YOU WANT TO PLAY IT THAT WAY? FINE BY ME.





**SON
OF A
BITCH!**

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING?!
I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH
PROBLEMS WITHOUT
YOU LIGHTING MY
FRIGGIN' HEAD ON
FIRE?!

SAM...?

QUIT
YOUR
WHINING,
TOUGH GUY.
YOU BROUGHT
IT ON YOUR-
SELF.

YEAH,
BUT JESUS...
YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO
TORCH
ME.

HE...
HE
TALKED.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
LOOKING AT,
TUBBY?

MAX WILLIAMS
FEELS LIKE HELL.
HIS STOMACH IS
KNOTTED INTO A
TIGHT LITTLE
BALL, HIS BLOOD
BURNS LIKE
BATTERY ACID
IN HIS VEINS.

MAX...
BABY...
ARE YOU
OKAY?

WUU MPH!

THE GIRL'S NAME IS DAWN. MAX
MET HER AT THE ARCADE A
COUPLE WEEKS BACK. EVER
SINCE, IT'S LIKE HE CAN'T LIVE
WITHOUT HER.

LIKE HE'S A JUNKIE AND
SHE'S HIS DRUG OF CHOICE.

DEAR
LORD,
THIS ISN'T
RIGHT...

Oh GOD...
I THINK I'M
DYING.

NO MAX.
YOU'RE NOT
DYING. YOU'RE
BEING **BORN**
AGAIN.

SOME
BIRTHS
ARE MORE
DIFFICULT
THAN OTHERS.
I'M SORRY, BUT
IT'LL BE OKAY IN
THE END. I
PROMISE.

MAX,
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?
MAX?

DAWN...?



DAWN...
WHERE
AM I?

I HAD
TO GET
YOU OFF THE
STREET. THE
POLICE
WOULD HAVE
COME.

MAX WILLIAMS
STARES INTO
COLD GLOOM, HIS
EYES SLOWLY
ADJUSTING TO
THE DIM LIGHT.

STILL FEVERISH,
ANY ICY CHILL
GRIPS HIS
CHEST LIKE A
BEAR TRAP.
FOR THE FIRST
TIME SINCE HE
RAN AWAY, MAX
WISHES HE WAS
HOME AGAIN.

HOME IN HIS
BED, WAKING
FROM A
STRANGE AND
TERRIBLE
DREAM.

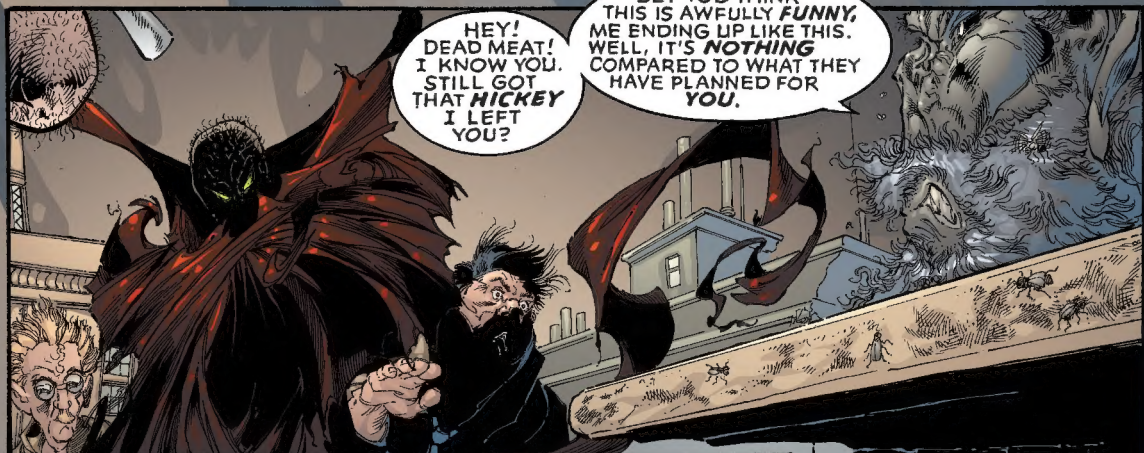
YOU'RE
SAFE, MAX.
YOU'RE
WELCOME
HERE.

WHO
ARE
THOSE
PEOPLE?

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH
THEM?

NOTHING'S
WRONG WITH
THEM, MAX.

THEY'RE MY
FAMILY.



HEY!
DEAD MEAT!
I KNOW YOU.
STILL GOT
THAT **HICKEY**
I LEFT
YOU?

BET YOU THINK
THIS IS AWFULLY **FUNNY**,
ME ENDING UP LIKE THIS.
WELL, IT'S **NOTHING**
COMPARED TO WHAT THEY
HAVE PLANNED FOR
YOU.



COME ON!
QUIT DICKIN' AROUND.
JUST TELL HIM WHAT
YOU TOLD ME. TELL
HIM ABOUT THE
KINGDOM.

Oh, CHRIST!
I SHOULD HAVE RAN
OFF TO SOME DARK HOLE
IN SOUTH AMERICA WHEN I
HAD THE CHANCE. THEY'RE
MAD. EVERY LAST
ONE OF THEM.

ME, I'M A
NICE **NORMAL**
VAMPIRE. GOT BIT.
LOST MY SOUL. BECAME
A CREATURE OF THE
NIGHT. BUT THESE GUYS,
THEY'RE **FANATICS**.
BELIEVE THEY ARE
THE CHOSEN
ONES.

THIS
GOES
BACK A
LONG
WAY...



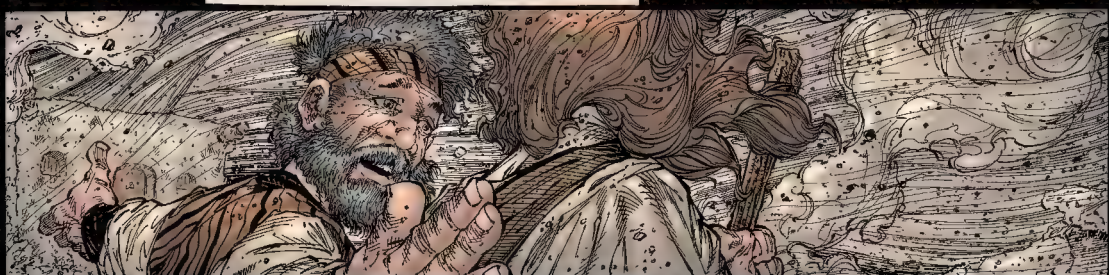
THIS IS THE
GOSPEL
ACCORDING TO
SIMON PURE:

"THE **TRAVELER** FIRST APPEARED FROM THE DESERT OUT-
SIDE OF GALILEE. A TERRIBLE SANDSTORM HAD RAGED FOR
WEEKS, AND THE TRAVELER SOUGHT SHELTER.



"MANY TURNED
HIM AWAY.

"BUT A KINDLY MERCHANT, WHOSE
FORTUNE WAS LOST WHEN HIS CARAVAN
WAS SWALLOWED UP BY THE SANDS,
INVITED THE TRAVELER INTO HIS HOME.

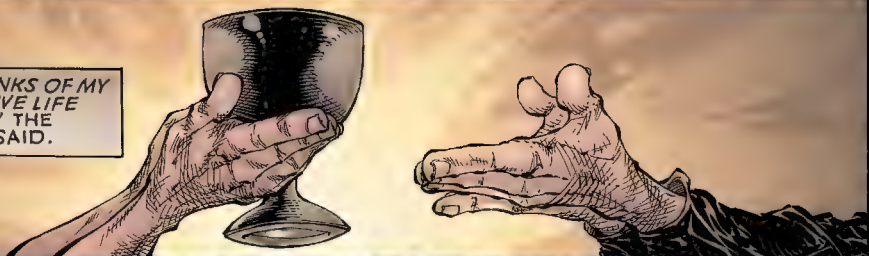


"HE GAVE HIM WHAT HOSPITALITY
HE COULD SPARE, AND THE TRAVELER
OFFERED HIM A GIFT IN RETURN.



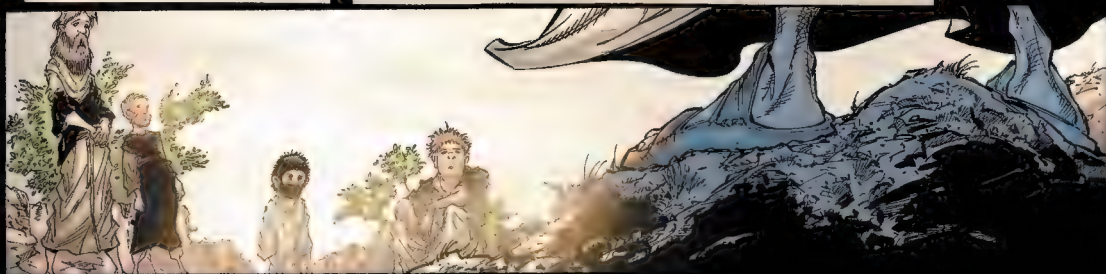
"HE PRODUCED
A CHALICE,
SEEMINGLY
FROM THIN AIR,
AND OFFERED
IT TO HIS HOST.

"**'HE WHO DRINKS OF MY
CUP SHALL HAVE LIFE
EVERLASTING,'** THE
TRAVELER SAID.



"TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS WANDERER BLOOMED LIKE DESERT SAGE. HE COULD PERFORM MIRACLES, IT WAS SAID.

"WALK ON WATER, GO LONG PERIODS WITHOUT FOOD OR DRINK. SOON HE HAD MANY FOLLOWERS. DISCIPLES WHO HEEDED HIS EVERY WORD.



"BUT THEY WERE SHUNNED WHEREVER THEY WENT, CALLED DEVILS AND BLASPHEMERS AND FORCED TO FLEE VILLAGE AFTER VILLAGE.

"THE TRAVELER TOLD THEM, 'WE ARE BOUND BY NO LAND, FOR WE CARRY OUR KINGDOM WITH US. WHEREVER WE ARE GATHERED, THERE SHALL OUR GLORY BE.'

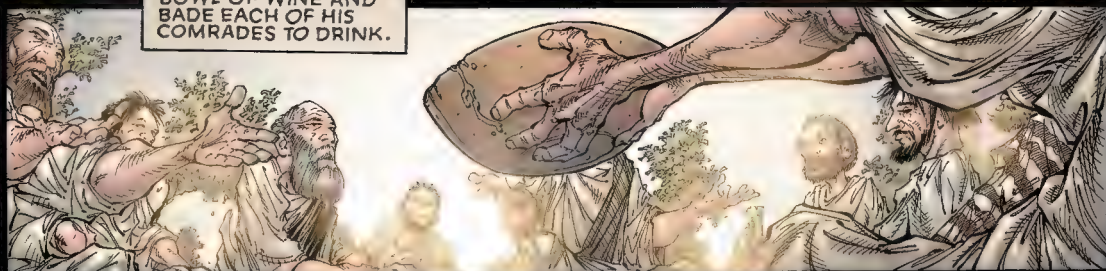


"AFTER MANY YEARS OF WANDERING, THE TIME CAME WHEN THE TRAVELER SAID THAT HE HAD TO GO AWAY.

"BEFORE HE LEFT, HE AND HIS TWELVE DEAREST DISCIPLES GATHERED IN AN OLIVE GROVE FOR ONE LAST FEAST.



"HE TOLD HIS FOLLOWERS THAT HE WOULD LIVE ON INSIDE THEM. HE THEN PASSED AROUND A BOWL OF WINE AND BADE EACH OF HIS COMRADES TO DRINK.

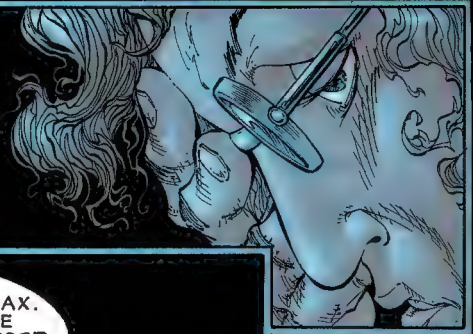


"'THIS IS MY BLOOD,' HE SAID, 'THE BLOOD OF OUR COVENANT. HE WHO DRINKS OF IT SHALL NOT DIE, BUT HAVE LIFE FOREVER IN MY KINGDOM...'"



I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?


I TOLD YOU. YOU'RE BEING REBORN. BORN AGAIN INTO A BETTER, MORE BEAUTIFUL LIFE.



YOU'VE DRUGGED ME, OR POISONED ME OR SOMETHING... HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? I TRUSTED YOU.



BECAUSE I CARE FOR YOU, MAX. I WANTED YOU TO BE SAVED. YOU HAVE A GOOD HEART. I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE LEFT BEHIND.



THIS IS TOO MUCH. I CAN'T HANDLE THIS. I JUST WANT TO GO. I JUST WANT TO GO HOME.

"HOME" ISN'T GOING TO BE AROUND VERY MUCH LONGER, I'M AFRAID. **THIS** IS YOUR NEW HOME, MAX. THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG.



YOU'RE ONE OF US NOW, MAX.

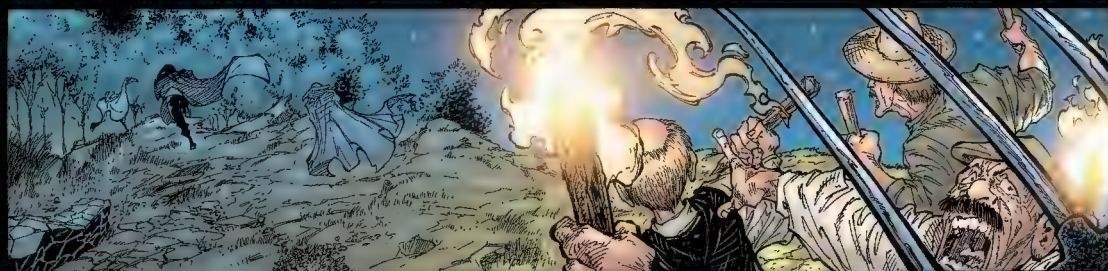


NO...

"OVER THE CENTURIES, THE CHILDREN OF THE KINGDOM GREW IN NUMBER. CAST LIKE SEEDS IN THE WIND, THEY SPREAD ACROSS THE FACE OF THE WORLD.

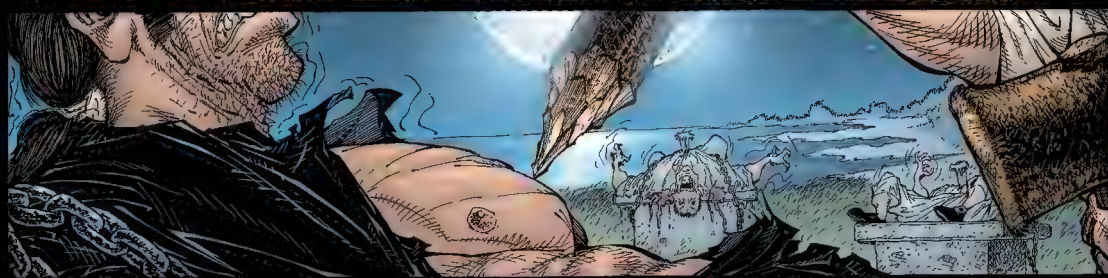


"THROUGHOUT EUROPE... ASIA... COLONIAL AMERICA... THEY WERE FEARED AND PERSECUTED. CALLED NAMES LIKE 'UNDEAD...' 'WAMPYR...' 'VAMPIRE'...



"WHEN THEY WERE CAUGHT, THEY WERE BURNED AT THE POST OR HAD STAKES DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEARTS, CURSING REVENGE WITH THEIR DYING BREATHS.

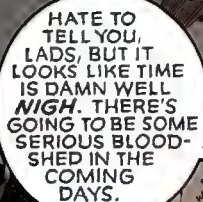
"STILL THEY FLOURISHED, MEETING IN SECRET IN THE ALLEYWAYS AND GHETTOS OF OLD WORLD CITIES, IDENTIFYING EACH OTHER WITH SECRET SIGNS...



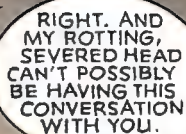
"RECRUITING NEW MEMBERS, CONCEALING THEIR PRESENCE... REACHING OUT TO THE LONELY... THE DESPERATE... THE OUTCAST... GROWING IN STRENGTH...



"WAITING FOR THE TIME TO COME WHEN THEY WOULD RISE UP AS GOD'S CHOSEN RACE... AND INHERIT A WORLD THAT WAS RIGHTFULLY THEIRS."



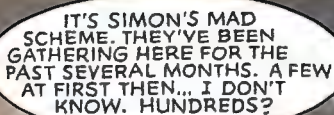
HATE TO TELL YOU, LADS, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TIME IS DAMN WELL **NIGH**. THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME SERIOUS BLOOD-SHED IN THE COMING DAYS.



RIGHT. AND MY ROTTING, SEVERED HEAD CAN'T POSSIBLY BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION WITH YOU.

GET A CLUE, FAT MAN. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S TRUE. WHAT MATTERS IS THEY **BELIEVE** IT'S TRUE.

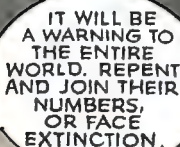
THAT'S INSANE. THAT STORY CAN'T BE TRUE.



IT'S SIMON'S MAD SCHEME. THEY'VE BEEN GATHERING HERE FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS. A FEW AT FIRST THEN... I DON'T KNOW. HUNDREDS?

THEY'RE WAITING FOR THE **NIGHT OF THE CLEANSING**. THEY PLAN TO RID THIS CITY OF ALL UNCLEAN SOULS.

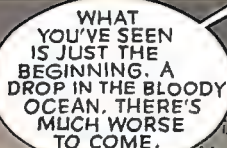
WHICH MEANS PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE WHO ISN'T ONE OF THEM.



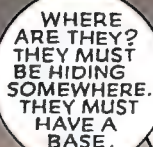
IT WILL BE A WARNING TO THE ENTIRE WORLD. REPENT AND JOIN THEIR NUMBERS, OR FACE EXTINCTION.

THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED. STRINGING UP CORPSES, ATTRACTING ATTENTION. TRYING TO GET YOU FOOL MORTALS TO THINK ABOUT YOUR FATE.

BUT NOT TOO MUCH, MIND YOU. SIMON **WANTS** A BLOOD BATH.



WHAT YOU'VE SEEN IS JUST THE BEGINNING. A DROP IN THE BLOODY OCEAN. THERE'S MUCH WORSE TO COME.



WHERE ARE THEY? THEY MUST BE HIDING SOMEWHERE. THEY MUST HAVE A BASE.

COULD BE ANYWHERE. THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE INVISIBLE. COULD BE RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES AS WE SPEAK. I DON'T KNOW.

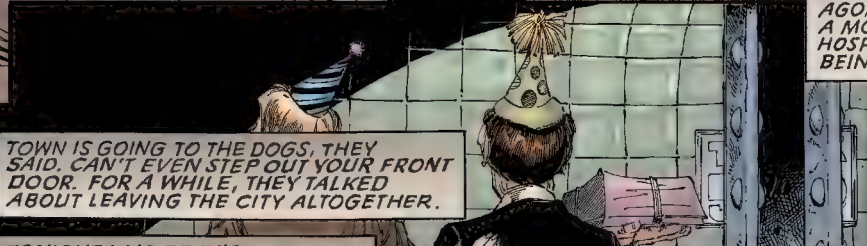


I DO.




THANK
YOU, HONEY.
DINNER WAS
PERFECT.

BETH AND ARCHIE
WELLER DON'T GO
OUT MUCH ANY-
MORE. SIX YEARS
AGO, SHE SPENT
A MONTH IN THE
HOSPITAL AFTER
BEING MUGGED.

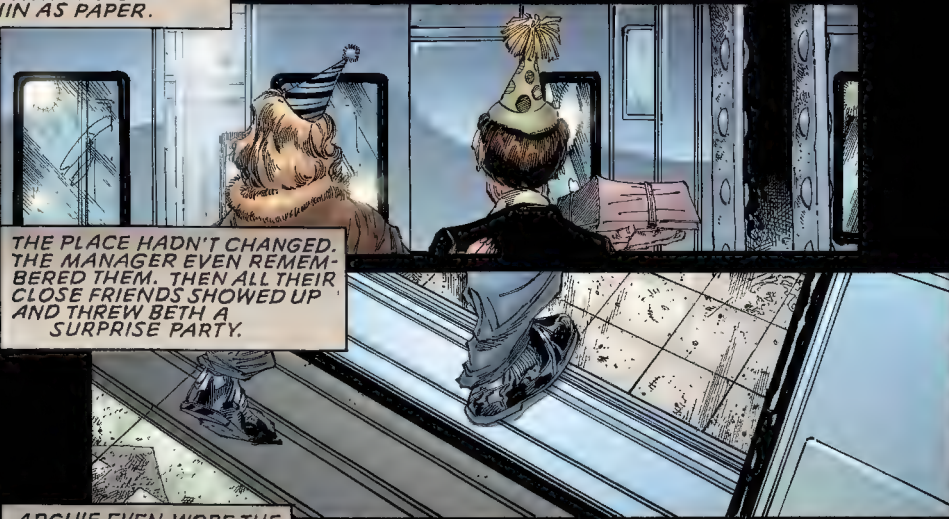


TOWN IS GOING TO THE DOGS, THEY
SAID. CAN'T EVEN STEP OUT YOUR FRONT
DOOR. FOR A WHILE, THEY TALKED
ABOUT LEAVING THE CITY ALTOGETHER.

BUT TONIGHT WAS BETH'S BIRTHDAY,
AND ARCHIE SAID HE WANTED TO
TREAT HER TO A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.
JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS.

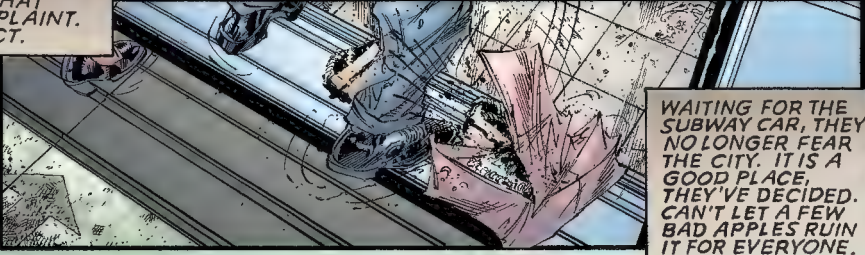


HE TOOK HER TO A
RESTAURANT THEY
BOTH LOVED. AN OLD
ITALIAN JOINT THAT
SERVES PIZZA THE
WAY ARCHIE LIKES
IT, WITH CRUST
THIN AS PAPER.

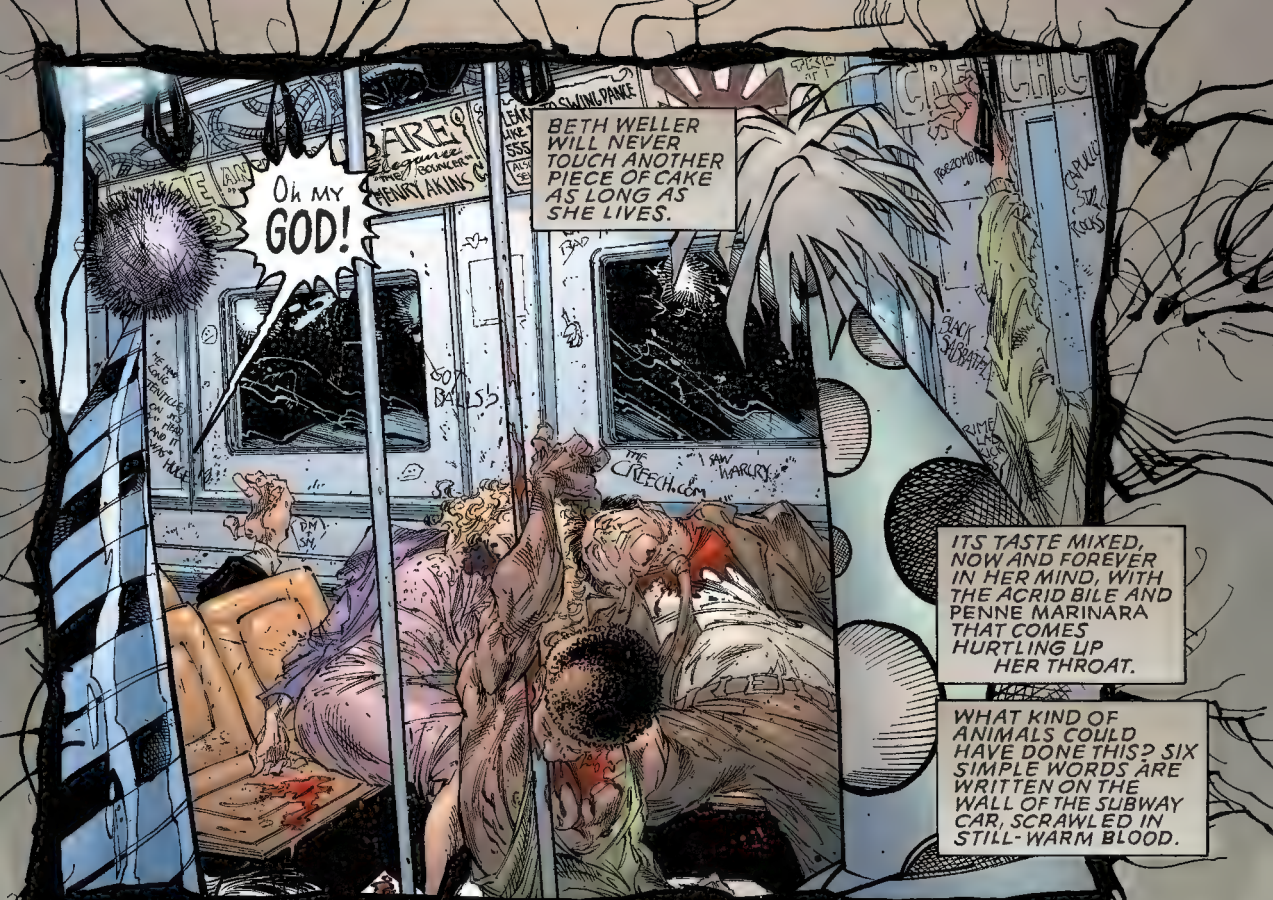


THE PLACE HADN'T CHANGED.
THE MANAGER EVEN REMEM-
BERED THEM. THEN ALL THEIR
CLOSE FRIENDS SHOWED UP
AND THREW BETH A
SURPRISE PARTY.

ARCHIE EVEN WORE THE
STUPID PARTY HAT
WITHOUT COMPLAINT.
IT WAS PERFECT.



WAITING FOR THE
SUBWAY CAR, THEY
NO LONGER FEAR
THE CITY. IT IS A
GOOD PLACE,
THEY'VE DECIDED.
CAN'T LET A FEW
BAD APPLES RUIN
IT FOR EVERYONE.



Oh my
GOD!

BETH WELLER
WILL NEVER
TOUCH ANOTHER
PIECE OF CAKE
AS LONG AS
SHE LIVES.


ITS TASTE MIXED,
NOW AND FOREVER
IN HER MIND, WITH
THE ACRID BILE AND
PENNE MARINARA
THAT COMES
HURTLING UP
HER THROAT.

WHAT KIND OF
ANIMALS COULD
HAVE DONE THIS? SIX
SIMPLE WORDS ARE
WRITTEN ON THE
WALL OF THE SUBWAY
CAR, SCRAWLED IN
STILL-WARM BLOOD.

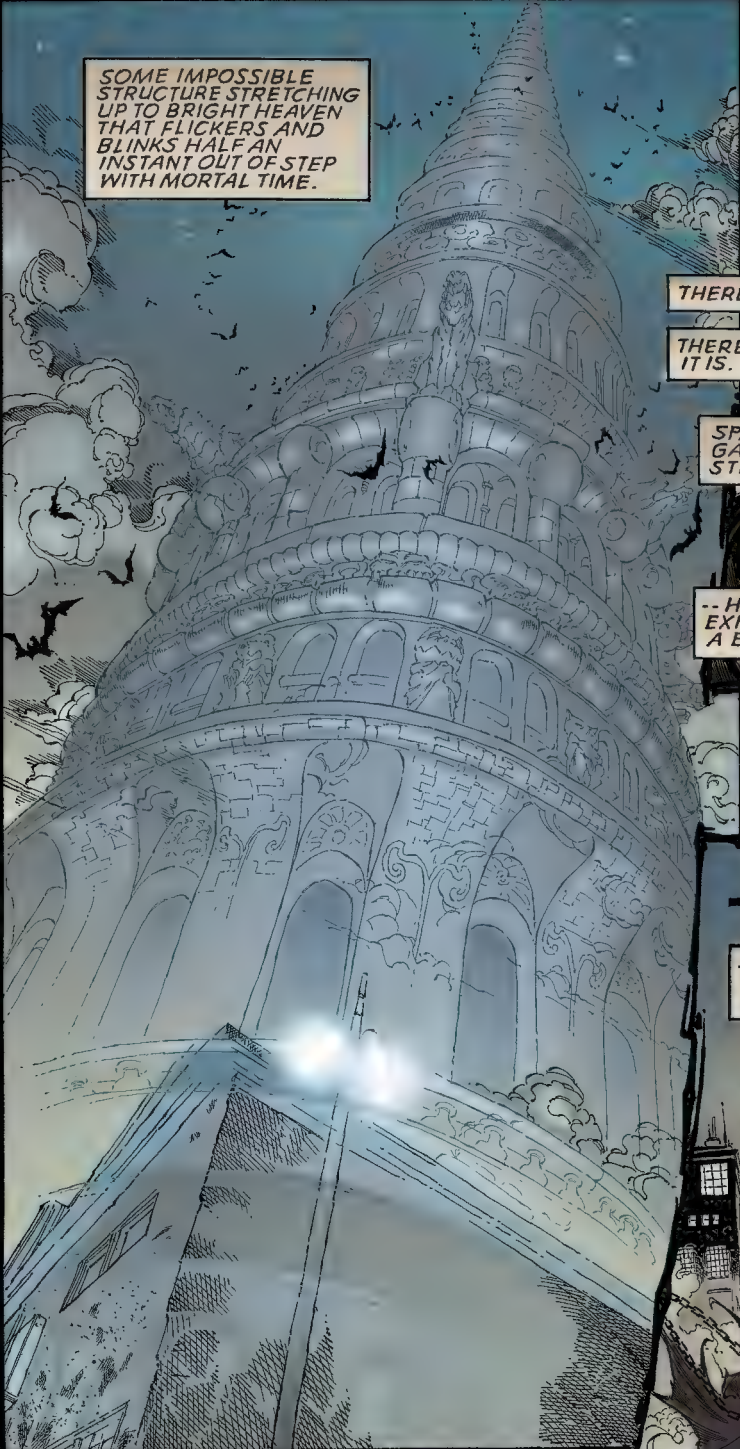


"FOR THE GLORY OF
THE *KINGDOM*."

ACROSS TOWN:
THIS IS THE
PLACE...



THIS DESERTED OLD
WAREHOUSE ON THE
DOCKS. BUT THERE IS
SOMETHING ELSE.
SOMETHING HE ALMOST
MISSED THE FIRST TIME.



SOME IMPOSSIBLE
STRUCTURE STRETCHING
UP TO BRIGHT HEAVEN
THAT FLICKERS AND
BLINKS HALF AN
INSTANT OUT OF STEP
WITH MORTAL TIME.



THERE.

THERE
IT IS.

SPAWN
GATHERS HIS
STRENGTH--




-- HIS CHEST
EXPANDING LIKE
A BELLOWS--

-- REACHING INTO
THE VERY HEART
OF HIMSELF--

-- TO HIS
DEEPEST
RESERVES
OF POWER.



HE
PAUSES
FOR A
MOMENT,
A CALM
BEFORE
THE
STORM.



AND THEN... HE
UNLEASHES THE VERY
FURY OF HELL.

THE BLAST
LIGHTS UP
THE NIGHT
SKY LIKE
SOME ALIEN
SUN.

HE POURS EVERYTHING HE
HAS INTO THE ONSLAUGHT,
A TORRENT OF PURE HELL-
FIRE THAT COULD MELT THE
GATES OF St. PETER HIMSELF.

THEN...

NOTHING.

NOT A
SCRATCH.

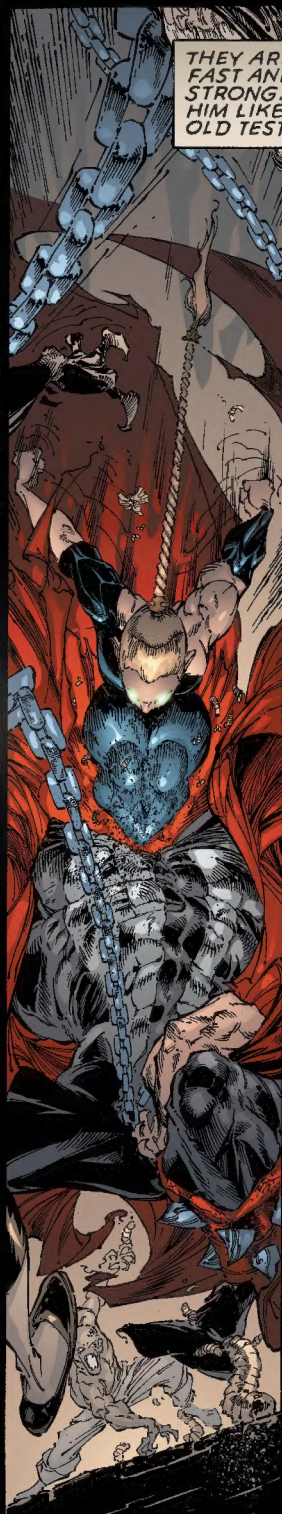


YOU
CAN
HUFF
AND
PUFF...

BUT
YOU
CAN'T
BLOW
OUR
HOUSE
DOWN!




THEY APPEAR
OUT OF NOWHERE,
BANSHEE SWIFT
AND THIRSTING
FOR BLOOD.



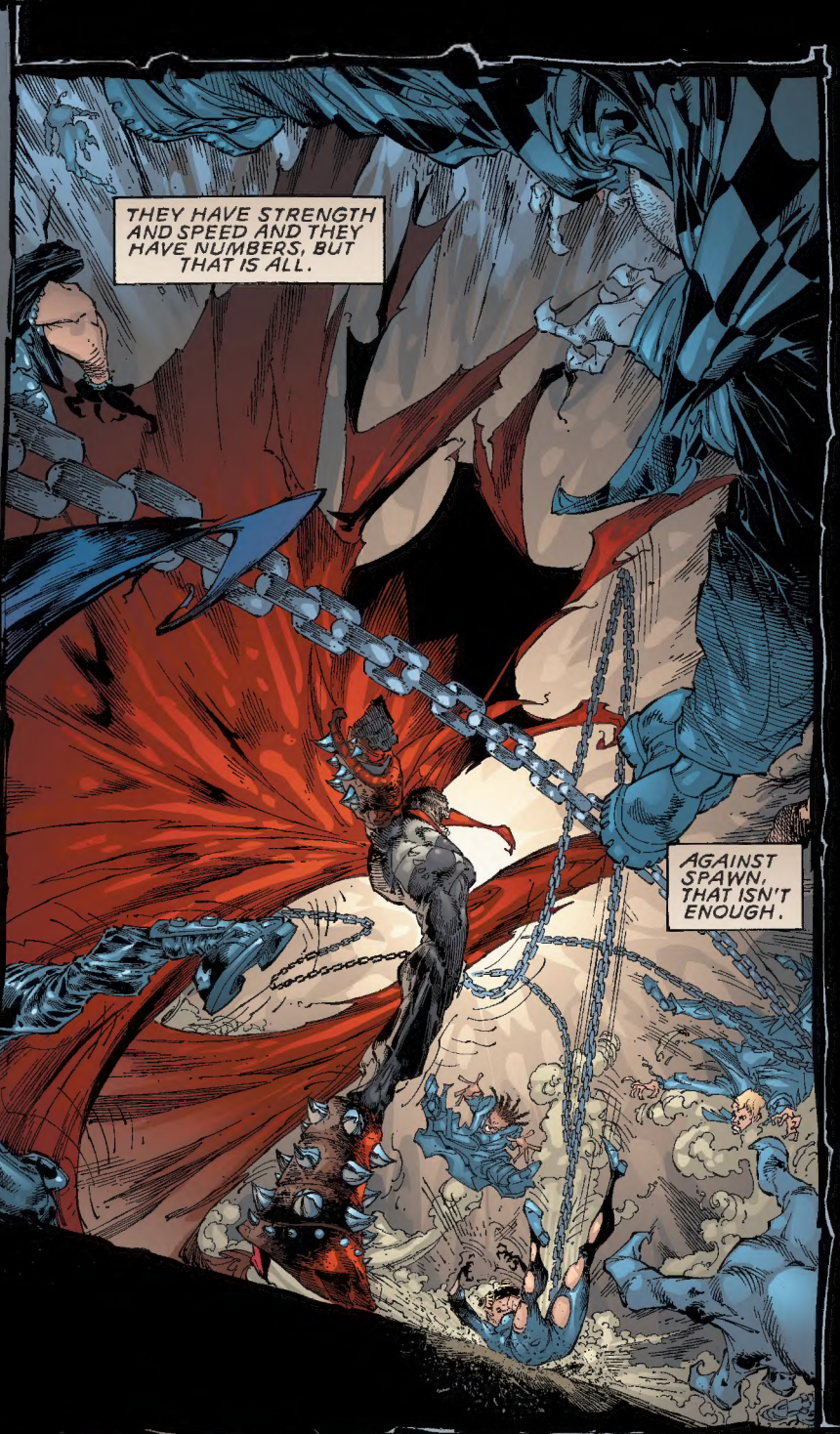
THEY ARE IMPOSSIBLY
FAST AND UNIMAGINABLY
STRONG. THEY BOMBARD
HIM LIKE LOCUSTS, LIKE AN
OLD TESTAMENT PLAGUE.



THEY
ATTACK WITH
ALL THE
BRASHNESS
AND FOLLY
OF YOUTH.



FOR ALL THEIR
POWER, THEY
ARE CHILDREN.
UNTRAINED AND
UNDISCIPLINED.



THEY HAVE STRENGTH
AND SPEED AND THEY
HAVE NUMBERS, BUT
THAT IS ALL.

AGAINST
SPAWN,
THAT ISN'T
ENOUGH.



MY
FRIEND...



YOU ARE
EARLY.

TO BE
CONTINUED...





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE